

Why Must They Be So Cruel?

by Dont Tread On Me

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Summary: (PG-13 For use of the F-Word) The POV of a scientist trapped in the Black Mesa Office Complex. Also from the POV of a soldier. I can't say much else about it without giving an important part of the story away...but it is from the POV of a scientist scared

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(Half-Life fan fiction, what is running through the mind of a scientist as he is trapped inside of the facility. More specifically, the office complex. Might add more chapters and maybe more people, maybe even a series. As you know, I do not own Half Life, Valve and Sierra do, so don't shout at me. Anyway, let's go!)

I'm so scaredâ€¦|So scaredâ€¦|I am in one of the lounges, somewhere, someplaceâ€¦|I don't care anymoreâ€¦|The ground is carpeted, rough against my skin, green and checkered, like plaidâ€¦|Occasionally, stains and blotches reveal human error involving coffee or some other beverageâ€¦|or even the large pool of Jeffery laying on the floorâ€¦|The aforementioned owner laying on the floor, back to the wall, propped against it.

It was so oddâ€¦|"I'm so tiredâ€¦|I'm so tiredâ€¦|" he kept repeating his colored skin stained with his own blood, a deep slash was across his back; I saw it as he hobbled in. I wanted to tell him to shut up, to be quiet, to not fall asleepâ€¦|But I was too scaredâ€¦|

I don't even remember how I got here anymoreâ€¦|I just drifted past pieces of meat, the occasional horror roaming the hallways or popping out from the fabric of the universe. I am just huddled here against the wall, the couch to my left, a table to my right.

I stare at Jeffery for awhileâ€¦|His eyes are closedâ€¦|It is like he is still asleep. His blood is coagulating on the floor.

When I was in High-School and Collegeâ€¦I was always one of those people who never flinched at dissecting dead animals. See, unlike other people, I never thought about what that animal was in lifeâ€¦what it could have achieved, what it thought, how it diedâ€¦Nowâ€¦I doâ€¦

I wonder how many flies that frog managed to eat before I sliced it upâ€¦

I wondered what was the last thing that Squid saw before someone dredged it upâ€¦

I wonder how wonderful that crow felt as it soared through the skyâ€¦

And how that cat felt as the mercy needle pricked its skinâ€¦..

But nowâ€¦Gazing at Jefferyâ€¦I wonder how they could be so cruelâ€¦

What drove them to do such horrible things? Survival? A lust for power?...Revenge?

I shake my head, running a hand through my short, dark hair. I also realize that I never knew Jefferyâ€¦I wonder if he was alone, lonely, no-one to meet him when he came home from his jobâ€¦Or if someone was waiting for himâ€¦having questions that would likely never be resolvedâ€¦I sighed and shook my head, putting my head in my hands and shaking it slowly.

BANG!

Something bumps up against something, knocks it over and it shattersâ€¦it sounds closeâ€¦

Another slam, sounds of smashed glass, the sound of a body hitting the floor. I pull my legs close to my body, tears begin to roll down my face, praying to god above that whatever it is will finish the job quickly, that my life will end without pain and sufferingâ€¦I actually really don't want to die, but it is pretty pointlessâ€¦

I pray to whatever being exists up there, silently, trying to control my quivering lips. I close my eyes, and await the end.

Footstepsâ€¦heavy boots, human feet? I open my eyes, and peer into the dark.

Four beings, lights on their body, slowly walk into the lightâ€¦Oh thank god, Soldiers!

They have their guns raised; one slowly swings his weapon towards me. I gasp, but at the same time, I am so exhausted, so tired, I don't want to shout. Yet I don't want them not to see meâ€¦I scream, and they almost jump.

"Jesus Christ, fucking Aâ€¦.We got a live one hereâ€¦".

I smile, my face covered with sweat, my clothes cling to my body from all of the profuse sweating. I want to stand up, but somehow, I

can't.

One of the soldiers slowly bends down to me. He is young, probably a private, new to the whole experience. His face is white, he is clearly scared.

"Hey! Who are you?" He says, slowly, but firmly to me. His comrades go over to Jeffery, and they nod their heads as they check his vitals. Don't they see that he is dead? What are they doing?

"I'm. Wallace. . ." I say slowly, knowing that it must be irritating for one so tensed up as he probably is. I smile again, knowing that everything will be alright. I am going home.

"Private Snotball! What the hell do you think your doing? He's a low ranking scum-fucker, do him so we can get the hell out of here!" A black man wearing a gas-mask says to him, I can tell from his voice and the color of the exposed bits of skin on his body. and what the hell is he talking about?

The Private gets a grim look on his face with a nauseous hint to it, and slings his rifle. The man looks ready to smack him when he suddenly stops, seeing the man reach for something behind his. Oh god no.

Oh no, Oh god no, Please, please god almighty, please! Don't, please don't, I don't wanna, I don't wanna, god, god, GOD NO!

POP!

I look down at the face of the scientist, Wallace. His face marred by a bullet wound to the temple. I shake slowly, my jaw quivers as I realize what I have done. this man was nothing, nothing important. he was just like me; scared, confused. I looked down at my weapon, and then nearly leap twenty feet when a firm hand smacks my shoulder.

It's Corporal Masterson, one of my best friends. I look to him with shame and fright, but he just grins at me.

"Well, lookie here! Private Snotball aint a virgin any more!" My jaw quivers at this statement. I am horrified, but then I look to my commander.

Whatever look he has on his face, he keeps it hidden behind the mask. A tear rolls down my face, but I recover quickly and sniffle.

Masterson then grins and nudges my shoulder. Commander Epton goes up to me and grips my shoulder hard.

"Boy, I know it aint easy to swallow, but these people aren't as innocent as you think. They did all this, and have endangered hundreds of lives. maybe millions. If they were to get out, do you think they would be able to keep their big mouth's shut? Besides. I don't think he had any chance anyway. ." He then turns away from me, shouting orders at the rest of the men.

I start to level out, wiping my eyes and looking down at the bloodstained floorâ€|at my bloodstained clothing and handsâ€|.

"â€|SNOTBALL, DID I STUTTER WHEN I TOLD YOU TO GET YOUR ASS IN GEAR! NO, SO LET'S **GO!**"

I nod swiftly, and leave it all behind me, rushing behind my fellow soldiers.

But before I leave, I look back at the corpses laying in the room we just left behindâ€|

Why must we be so cruel?

(Well, it was short, and I know the ending sort of stank, but it is just a little POV thingâ€|Just how I think it would go in real lifeâ€|Not that I am saying your bad for killing the scientists, guards and soldiersâ€|They are after all just A.I programs with faces! Yeah, haven't been in a humorous mood lately, just no good ideas anyway.)

End
file.